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## THE GROUND ASH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

AMONGST the many pleasant circumstances attendant on a love of flowers—that sort of love which leads one in search of the first violet and the last woodbine, the earliest and latest of the wild blossoms that deck the woods and fields, and carries one to the parching heath or the watery mere to procure for the cultivated, or, if I may use the expression, the tame beauties of the parterre, the soil that they love;—amongst the many gratifications which such pursuits bring with them, such as seeing in the seasons in which it shows best, the prettiest, coyest, most unhackneyed scenery, and taking, with just motive enough for stimulus and for reward, drives and walks which approach to fatigue, without being fatiguing;—amongst all the delights consequent on a love of flowers, I know none greater than the half unconscious and wholly unintended manner in which such expeditions make one acquainted with the peasant children of remote and out-of-the-way regions, the inhabitants of the wild woodlands and still wilder commons of the hilly part of the north of Hampshire, which forms so strong a contrast with this sunny and populous county of Berks, whose very fields are gay and neat as gardens, and whose roads are as level and even as a gravel walk.

Two of the most interesting of these flower-formed acquaintances, were my little friends Harry and Bessy Leigh.

Every year I go to the Everley woods to gather wild lilies of the valley. It is one of the delights that May—the charming, ay, and the merry month of May, which I love as fondly as ever that bright and joyous season was loved by our older poets—regularly brings in her train; one of those rational pleasures in which (and it is the great point of superiority over pleasures that are artificial and worldly) there is no disappointment. About four years ago, I made such a visit. The day was glorious, and we had driven through lanes perfumed by the fresh green birch, with its bark silvery and many-tinted, and over commons where the very air was loaded with the heavy fragrance of the furze, an odour resembling in richness its golden blossoms, just as the scent of the birch is cool, refreshing, and penetrating, like the exquisite colour of its young leaves, until we reached the top of the hill, where, on one side, the enclosed wood, where the lilies grew, sank gradually, in an amphitheatre of natural terraces, to a piece of water at the bottom; whilst on the other, the wild open heath formed a sort of promontory overhanging a steep ravine, through which a slow and sluggish stream crept along through stunted alders, until it was lost in the deep recesses of Sidhurst Forest, over the tall trees of which we literally looked down. We had come without a servant; and on arriving at the gate of the wood, with neither human figure nor human habitation in sight, and a high-blooded and high-spirited horse in the phaeton, we began to feel all the awkwardness of our situation. My companion, however, at length espied a thin wreath of smoke issuing from a small clay-built hut thatched with furze, built against the steepest part of the hill, of which it seemed a mere excrescence, about half way down the declivity; and, on calling aloud, two children, who had been picking up dry stumps of heath and gorse, and collecting them in a heap for fuel at the door of their home, first carefully deposited their little load, and then came running to know what we wanted.

If we had wondered to see human beings living in a habitation, which, both for space and appearance, would have been despised by a pig of any pretension,

as too small and too mean for his accommodation, so we were again surprised at the strange union of poverty and content evinced by the apparel and the countenances of its young inmates. The children, bareheaded and barefooted, and with little more clothing than one shabby-looking garment, were yet as fine, sturdy, hardy, ruddy, sunburnt urchins, as one should see on a summer day. They were clean, too; the stunted bit of raiment was patched, but not ragged; and when the girl (for, although it was rather difficult to distinguish between the brother and sister, the pair were of different sexes), when the bright-eyed, square-made, upright little damsel clasped her two brown hands together, on the top of her head, pressing down her thick curls, and looking at us and listening to us with an air of the most intelligent curiosity, that returned our curiosity with interest; and when the boy, in answer to our inquiry if he could hold a horse, clutched the reins with his small fingers, and planted himself beside our high-mettled steed with an air of firm determination, that seemed to say, "I'm your master! Run away if you dare!"—we both of us felt that they were subjects for a picture, and that, though Sir Joshua might not have painted them, Gainsborough and our own Collins would.

But besides their exceeding picturesqueness, the evident content and helpfulness and industry of these little creatures, was delightful to look at and to think of. In conversation they were at once very civil and respectful (Bessy dropping her little curtsey, and Harry putting his hand to the lock of hair where the hat should have been, at every sentence they uttered), and perfectly frank and unfeeling. In answer to our questions, they told us that "Father was a broom-maker from the low country (that is, the Vale of Whitehorse, in Berkshire); that he had come to these parts and married mother, and built their cottage, because houses were so scarce hereabouts, and because of its convenience to the heath; that they had done very well till the last winter, when poor father had had the fever for five months, and they had had much ado to get on; but that father was brave again now, and was building another house (house!!!) larger and finer, upon Squire Benson's lands; the squire had promised them a garden from the waste, and mother hoped to keep a pig. They were trying to get all the money they could to buy the pig; and what his honour had promised them for holding the horse, was all to be given to mother for that purpose."

It was impossible not to be charmed with these children. We went again and again to the Everley wood, partly to gather lilies, partly to rejoice in the trees with their young leaves so beautiful in texture as well as in colour, but chiefly to indulge ourselves in the pleasure of talking to these children, adding something to their scanty stock of clothing (Bessy ran as fast as her feet could carry her to the clear pool at the bottom of the wood, to look at herself in her new bonnet), and of assisting in the accumulations of the Grand Pig Savings' Bank, by engaging Harry to hold the horse, and Bessy to help fill the lily basket.

This employment, by showing that the lilies had a money value, put a new branch of traffic into the heads of these thoughtful children, already accustomed to gather heath for their father's brooms, and to collect the dead furze which served as fuel to the family. After gaining permission of the farmer who rented the wood, and ascertaining that we had no objection, they set about making nosegays of the flowers, and collecting the roots for sale, and actually stood two Saturdays in Belford market (the smallest merchants of a surety that ever appeared in that rural Exchange), to

dispose of their wares; having obtained a cast in a waggon there and back, and carrying home faithfully every penny of their gainings, to deposit in the common stock.

The next year we lost sight of them. No smoke issued from the small chimney by the hill-side. The hut itself was half demolished by wind and weather; its tenants had emigrated to the new house on Squire Benson's land; and after two or three attempts to understand and to follow the directions as to the spot given us by the good farmer at Everley, we were forced to give up the search.

Accident, the great discoverer and recoverer of lost goods, at last restored to us these good little children. It happened as follows:—

In new potting some large hydrangeas, we were seized with a desire to give the blue tinge to the petals, which so greatly improves the beauty of that fine bold flower, and which is so desirable when they are placed, as these were destined to be, in the midst of red and pink blossoms, fuschias, salvias, and geraniums. Accordingly, we sallied forth to a place called the Moss, a wild tract of moorland lying about a mile to the right of the road to Everley, and famous for the red bog, produced, I presume, by chalybeate springs, which, when mixed with the fine Bagshot silver sand, is so effectual in changing the colour of flowers.

It was a bleak gusty day in February, raining by fits, but not with sufficient violence to deter me from an expedition to which I had taken a fancy. Putting up, therefore, the head and apron of the phaeton, and followed by one lad (the shrewd boy Ben) on horseback, and another (John, the steady gardening youth) in a cart laden with tubs and sacks, spades and watering-pots, to procure and contain the bog mould (for we were prudently determined to provide for all emergencies, and to carry with us fit receptacles to receive our treasure, whether it presented itself in the form of red earth or of red mud), our little procession set forth early in the afternoon, towards the wildest and most dreary piece of scenery that I have ever met with in this part of the country.

Wild and dreary of a truth was the Moss, and the stormy sky, the moaning wind, and the occasional gushes of driving rain, suited well with the dark and cheerless region into which we had entered by a road, if a rude cart-track may be so called, such as shall seldom be encountered in this land of Macadamisation. And yet, partly perhaps from their novelty, the wild day and the wild scenery had for me a strange and thrilling charm. The ground, covered with the sea-green moss, whence it derived its name, mingled in the higher parts with brown patches of heather, and dark bushes of stunted furze, was broken with deep hollows full of stagnant water; some almost black, others covered with the rusty scum which denoted the presence of the powerful mineral, upon whose agency we relied for performing that strange piece of natural magic which may almost be called the transmutation of flowers.

Towards the muddiest of these pools, situated in a deep glen, our active coadjutors, leaving phaeton, cart, and horses, on the brow of the hill, began rolling and tossing the several tubs, buckets, watering-pots, sacks and spades, which were destined for the removal and conveyance of the much-coveted bog; we followed, amused and pleased, as, in certain moods, physical and mental, people are pleased and amused at self-imposed difficulties, down the abrupt and broken descent; and for some time the process of digging among the mould at the edge of the brook went steadily on.

In a few minutes, however, Ben, whose quick and restless eye was never long bent on any single object, most of all when that object presented itself in the form of work, exclaimed to his comrade, "Look at those children wandering about amongst the firs, like the babes in the wood in the old ballad. What can they be about?" And looking in the direction to which he pointed, we saw, amidst the gloomy fir plantations, which formed a dark and massive border nearly round the Moss, our old friends Harry and Bessy Leigh, collecting, as it seemed, the fir cones with which the ground was strewn, and depositing them carefully in a large basket.

A manful shout from my companion soon brought the children to our side—good, busy, cheerful, and healthy-looking as ever, and marvellously improved in the matter of equipment. Harry had been promoted to a cap, which added the grace of a flourish to his bow; Bessy had added the luxury of a pinafore to her nondescript garments; and both pairs of little feet were advanced to the certain dignity, although somewhat equivocal comfort, of shoes and stockings.

The world had gone well with them, and with their parents. The house was built. Upon remounting the hill, and advancing a little farther into the centre of the Moss, we saw the comfortable low-browed cottage, full of light and shadow, of juttings-out, and corners and angles of every sort and description, with a garden stretching along the side, backed and sheltered by the tall impenetrable plantation, a wall of trees, against whose dark masses a wreath of light smoke was curling, whose fragrance seemed really to perfume the winter air. The pig had been bought, and fattened; and killed; but other pigs were inhabiting the sty, almost as large as their former dwelling, which stood at the end of their garden; and the children told with honest joy how all this prosperity had come about. Their father, taking some brooms to my kind friend Lady Denys, had seen some of the ornamental baskets used for flowers upon a lawn, and had been struck with the fancy of trying to make some, decorated with fir cones; and had been so successful in this profitable manufacture, that he had more orders than he could execute. Lady Denys had also, with characteristic benevolence, put the children to her Sunday-school. One misfortune had a little overshadowed the sunshine. Squire Benson had died, and the consent to the erection of the cottage being only verbal, the attorney who managed for the infant heir, a ward in Chancery, had claimed the property. But the matter had been compromised upon the payment of such a rent as the present prospects of the family would fairly allow. Besides collecting fir cones for the baskets, they picked up all they could in that pine forest (for it was little less), and sold such as were discoloured, or otherwise unfit for working up, to Lady Denys and other persons who liked the fine aromatic odour, of these the pleasantest of pastilles, in their dressing-room or drawing-room fires. "Did I like the smell? We had a cart there—might they bring us a hamperful?" And it was with great difficulty that a trifling present (for we did not think of offering money as payment) could be forced upon the grateful children. "We," they said, "had been their first friends." For what very small assistance the poor are often deeply, permanently thankful! Well says the great poet:

"I've heard of hearts unkind, good deeds  
With ill deeds still returning;  
Alas, the gratitude of man  
Hath oftener left me mourning!"—WORDSWORTH.

Again for above a year we lost sight of our little favourites, for such they were with both of us; though absence, indisposition, business, company—engagements, in short, of many sorts—combined to keep us from the Moss for upwards of a twelvemonth. Early in the succeeding April, however, it happened, that, discussing with some morning visitors the course of a beautiful winding brook (one of the tributaries to the Loddon, which bright and brimming river has nearly as many sources as the Nile), one of them observed that the well-head was in Lanton Wood, and that it was a bit of scenery more like the burns of the North Country (my visitor was a Northumbrian) than any thing that he had seen in the South. Surely I had seen it? I was half ashamed to confess that I had not—(how often are we obliged to confess that we have not seen the beauties which lie close to our doors, too near for observation!); and the next day proving fine, I determined to repair my omission.

It was a soft and balmy April morning, just at that point of the flowery spring when violets and primroses are lingering under the northern hedgerows, and cowslips and orchises peeping out upon the sunny banks. My driver was the clever, shrewd, arch boy Ben—a country Pickle; who, having lived with us from early childhood, took much of the freedom of a lady's page—sassy, wayward, idle, and with a hardness, or an affectation of hardness, common to all lads

of fourteen, from the Etonian down to the stable-boy; but withal so quick and lively, so full of cleverness in every way, that the faults which in another would have been insupportable, found instant pardon in him. I liked him for his observation and his resource, his master for his sportsmanship. Of a certainty, there was not a man in the country who could approach him in the management of greyhounds and horses; for finding a hare, and galloping after it when found, he had not his equal in Berkshire.

The first part of our way lay along the green winding lanes which lead to Everley; we then turned to the left, and putting up our phaeton at a small farmhouse, where my attendant (who found acquaintances every where) was intimate, we proceeded to the wood; Ben accompanying me, carrying my flower-basket, and opening the gates, and taking care of Dash, a very beautiful thorough-bred Old English spaniel, who was a little apt, when he got into a wood, to run after the game, and forget to come out again.

I have seldom seen any thing in woodland scenery more picturesque and attractive than the old coppice of Lanton, on that soft and balmy April morning. The underwood was nearly cut, and bundles of long split poles for hoop barrels were piled together against the tall oak trees, bursting with their sap; whilst piles of faggots were built up in other parts of the copse, and one or two saw-pits, with light open sheds erected over them, whence issued the measured sound of the saw and the occasional voices of the workmen, almost concealed by their subterranean position, were placed in the hollows. At the far side of the coppice, the operation of hewing down the underwood was still proceeding, and the sharp strokes of the axe and the bill, softened by distance, came across the monotonous jar of the never-ceasing saw.

The surface of the ground was prettily tumbled about, comprehending as pleasant a variety of hill and dale as could well be comprised in some thirty acres. It declined, however, generally speaking, towards the centre of the coppice, along which a small, very small rivulet, scarcely more than a runlet, wound its way in a thousand graceful meanders. Tracking upward the course of the little stream, we soon arrived at that which had been the ostensible object of our drive—the spot whence it sprang.

It was a steep irregular acclivity on the highest side of the wood, a mound, I had almost said a rock, of earth, cloven in two about the middle, but with so narrow a fissure that the brushwood which grew on either side nearly filled up the opening, so that the source of the spring still remained concealed, although the rapid gushing of the water made a pleasant music in that pleasant place; and here and there a sunbeam, striking upon the sparkling stream, shone with a bright and glancing light amidst the dark ivies, and brambles, and mossy stumps of trees, that grew around.

This mound had apparently been cut a year or two ago, so that it presented an appearance of mingled wildness and gaiety, that contrasted very agreeably with the rest of the coppice; whose trodden-down flowers I had grieved over, even whilst admiring the picturesque effect of the woodcutters and their several operations. Here, however, reigned the flowery spring in all her glory. Violets, pansies, orchises, oxslips, the elegant wood-sorrel, the delicate wood-anemone, and the enamelled wild hincynth, were sprinkled profusely amongst the mosses, and lichens, and dead leaves, which formed so rich a carpet beneath our feet. Primroses, above all, were there of almost every hue, from the rare and pearly white, to the deepest pinkish purple, coloured by some diversity of soil, the pretty freak of Nature's gardening; whilst the common yellow blossom—commonest and prettiest of all—peeped out from amongst the boughs in the stump of an old willow, like a canary bird from its cage. The wild geranium was already showing its pink stem and scarlet-edged leaves, themselves almost gorgeous enough to pass for flowers; the periwinkle, with its wreaths of shining foliage, was hanging in garlands over the precipitous descent; and the lily of the valley, the fragrant woodroof, and the silvery wild garlic, were just peeping from the earth in the most sheltered nooks. Charmed to find myself surrounded by so much beauty, I had scrambled, with much ado, to the top of the woody cliff (no other word can convey an idea of its precipitous abruptness), and was vainly attempting to trace by my eye the actual course of the spring, which was, by the clearest evidence of sound, gushing from the fount many feet below me; when a peculiar whistle of delight (for whistling was to Ben, although no ordinary proficient in our common tongue, another language), and a tremendous scrambling amongst the bushes, proved that my faithful attendant had met with something as agreeable to his fancy, as the primroses and orchises had proved to mine.

Guided by a repetition of the whistle, I soon saw my trusty adherent spanning the chasm like a Colossus, one foot on one bank, the other on the opposite—each of which appeared to me to be resting, so to say, on nothing—tugging away at a long twig that grew on the brink of the precipice, and exceedingly likely to resolve the inquiry as to the source of the Loddon, by plumping some into the fountain-head. I of course called out to warn him; and he equally, of course, went on with his labour, without paying the slightest attention to my caution. On the contrary, having possessed himself of one straight slender twig, which, to my great astonishment, he wound round

his fingers, and deposited in his pocket, as one should do by a bit of pack-thread, he apparently, during the operation, caught sight of another. Testifying his delight by a second whistle, which, having his knife in his mouth, one wonders how he could manage, and scrambling with the fearless daring of a monkey up the perpendicular bank, supported by strings of ivy, or ledges of roots, and clinging by hand and foot to the frail bramble or the slippery moss, leaping like a squirrel from bough to bough, and yet, by happy boldness, escaping all danger, he attained his object as easily as if he had been upon level ground. Three, four, five times was the knowing, joyous, triumphant whistle sounded, and every time with a fresh peril and a fresh escape. At last, the young gentleman, panting and breathless, stood at my side, and I began to question him as to the treasure he had been pursuing.

"It's the ground ash, ma'am," responded Master Ben, taking one of the coils from his pocket; "the best riding-switch in the world. All the whips that ever were made are nothing to them. Only see how strong it is, how light, and how supple! You may twist it a thousand ways without breaking. It won't break, do what you will. Each of these, now, is worth half-a-crown or three shillings, for they are the scarcest things possible. They grow up at a little distance from the root of an old tree, like a snaker from a rose-bush. Great luck, indeed!" continued Ben, putting up his treasure with another joyful whistle; "it was but 'tother day that Jack Barlow offered me half a guinea for four, if I could but come by them. I shall certainly keep the best, though, for myself—unless, ma'am, you would be pleased to accept it for the purpose of whipping Dash." Whipping Dash!!! Well have I said that Ben was as saucy as a lady's page or a king's jester. Talk of whipping Dash! Why, the young gentleman knew perfectly well that I had rather be whipt myself twenty times over. The very sound seemed a profanation. Whip my Dash! Of course I read Master Ben a lecture for this irreverent mention of my pet, who, poor fellow, hearing his name called in question, came up in all innocence to fondle me; to which grave remonstrance the hopeful youth replied by another whistle, half of penitence, half of amusement.

These discourses brought us to the bottom of the mound, and turning round a clump of hawthorn and holly, we espied a little damsel with a basket at her side, and a large knife in her hand, carefully digging up a large root of white primroses, and immediately recognised my old acquaintance Bessy Leigh.

She was, as before, clean, and healthy, and tidy, and unaffectedly glad to see me; but the joyousness and buoyancy which had made so much of her original charm, were greatly diminished. It was clear that poor Bessy had suffered worse griefs than those of cold and hunger; and upon questioning her, so it turned out.

Her father had died, and her mother had been ill, and the long hard winter had been hard to get through; and then the rent had come upon her, and the steward (for the young gentleman himself was a minor) had threatened to turn them out if it were not paid to a day—the very next day after that on which we were speaking; and her mother had been afraid they must go to the workhouse, which would have been a sad thing, because now she had got so much washing to do, and Harry was so clever at basket-making, that there was every chance, this rent once paid, of their getting on comfortably. "And the rent will be paid now, ma'am, thank God!" added Bessy, her sweet face brightening; "for we want only a guinea of the whole sum, and Lady Denys has employed me to get scarce wild-flowers for her wood, and has promised me half a guinea for what I have carried her, and this last parcel, which I am to take to the Lodge to-night; and Mr John Barlow, her groom, has offered Harry twelve and sixpence for five ground ashes that Harry has been so lucky as to find by the spring, and Harry is gone to cut them; so that now we shall get on bravely, and mother need not fret any longer. I hope no harm will befall Harry in getting the ground ash, though, for it's a noted dangerous place. But he's a careful boy."

Just at this point of her little speech, poor Bessy was interrupted by her brother, who ran down the declivity exclaiming, "They're gone, Bessy!—they're gone! Somebody has taken them. The ground ashes are gone!"

Ben put his hand irresolutely to his pocket, and then, uttering a dismal whistle, pulled it irresolutely out again.

I also put my hand into my pocket, and found, with the deep disappointment which often punishes such carelessness, that I had left my purse at home. All that I could do, therefore, was to bid the poor children be comforted, and ascertain at what time Bessy intended to take her roots, which in the midst of her distress she continued to dig up, to my excellent friend Lady Denys. I then, exhorting them to hope the best, made my way quickly out of the wood.

Arriving at the gate, I missed my attendant. Before, however, I had reached the farm at which we had left our phaeton, I heard his gayest and most triumphant whistle behind me. Thinking of the poor children, it jarred upon my feelings. "Where have you been loitering, Ben?" I asked, in a sterner voice than he had probably ever heard from me before.

"Where have I been?" replied he; "giving little



Harry the ground ashes, to be sure: I felt just as if I had stolen them. And now, I do believe," continued he, with a prodigious burst of whistling, which seemed to me as melodious as the song of the nightingale, "I do believe," quoth Ben, "that I am happier than they are. I would not have kept those ground ashes, no, not for fifty pounds!"

## STATE OF THE ARTS IN REFERENCE TO MANUFACTURES.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

MANY OF OUR readers are probably aware that for some time a Select Committee of the House of Commons has been busily engaged in making an extensive inquiry into the state of the Arts and Principles of Design in this country, chiefly with a view to the improvement of taste among the people, and the raising of the character of many of our manufactures. This exceedingly useful inquiry has at length terminated in the publication of a Report by the Committee; and by the kindness of Mr Ewart, the chairman, a copy has been placed in our hands. Considering that the subject of the inquiry is of great importance to a large section of the community, if not to the whole body of the people, we propose to present our readers with an outline of the leading points in the Report, as well as with some gleanings from the evidence of the witnesses. To do justice, however, to the subject, it will be necessary to divide it into different heads, each of which may be treated separately. First, with regard to the present low state of the Fine Arts, and the want of instruction in design for manufacturing purposes:—

"In taking a general view of the subject before them, the Committee advert with regret to the inference they are obliged to draw from the testimony they have received, that, from the highest branches of poetical design down to the lowest connection between design and manufactures, the arts have received little encouragement in this country. The want of instruction in design among our industrious population, the absence of public and freely open galleries containing approved specimens of art, the fact that only recently a National Gallery has even been commenced among us, have all combined strongly to impress this conviction on the minds of the members of the Committee. In many despotic countries far more development has been given to genius, and greater encouragement to industry, by a more liberal diffusion of the enlightening influence of the arts. Yet, to us, a peculiarly manufacturing nation, the connection between art and manufactures is most important; and for this merely economical reason (were there no higher motive), it equally imports us to encourage art in its loftier attributes; since it is admitted that the cultivation of the more exalted branches of design tends to advance the humblest pursuits of industry, while the connection of art with manufacture has often developed the genius of the greatest masters in design.

The want of instruction experienced by our workmen in the arts, is strongly adverted to by many witnesses. This deficiency is said to be particularly manifest in that branch of our industry which is commonly called the fancy trade—more especially in the silk trade; and most of all, probably, in the ribbon manufacture. It has too frequently, if not uniformly, occurred, that the witnesses consulted by the Committee have felt themselves compelled to draw a comparison more favourable (in the matter of design) to our foreign rivals, and especially to the French, than could have been desired, either by the Committee or the witnesses.

The Committee were anxious to investigate the pervading cause which seemed to justify this conclusion. It appears that the great advantage which foreign manufacturing-artists possess over those of Great Britain, consists in the greater extension of art throughout the mass of society abroad. Art is comparatively dear in England. In France it is cheap, because it is generally diffused. In England, a wealthy manufacturer has no difficulty in procuring superior designs. Our affluent silversmiths have called to their aid the genius of Flaxman and of Stothard. But the manufacturer of cheap plate and inferior jewellery cannot procure designs equal to those of France, without incurring an expense disproportioned to the value of the article on which his labour is employed.

According to the evidence of M. Guillothe, a maker of Jacquard looms (a gentleman who does the fullest justice to the English manufacturers), a French capitalist employs three or four artists, where in England one artist would supply eight or ten manufacturers. This is exemplified in the process called by the French the *'mise en carte,'* or the practical transfer of the pattern to the fabric into which it is to be wrought. It appears that in England the designer of the pattern, and the person who applies it to the manufacture, are distinct persons. In France the workman is himself the artist.

The French have long been celebrated for their attention to design in manufactures. Their zeal in this pursuit is nowhere more manifest than in their recent prosecution of the shawl trade—in the introduction both of the material and pattern of the Cachemire shawl by M. Ternaux, and in the later investigations

of M. Couder. M. Couder has established a school for shawl designs at Paris; he has succeeded in tracing the original designs on the shawls of Cachemire through all the imperfections of the native manufacture, and supplied his country with the genuine pattern. Much importance has justly been attributed to the schools of design so generally diffused through France. These schools (in number about eighty) are superintended by the government. The free, open, and popular system of instruction (prevalent in France since the days of Colbert), and the extreme accessibility of their museums, libraries, and exhibitions, have greatly tended to the diffusion of a love of art, as well as of literature, among the poorer classes of the French.

According to the evidence of a distinguished foreigner, Dr Waagen, the intelligent administration of Prussia has felt the necessity of paying great attention to the instruction of the Prussian manufacturers in art. The description of the *'Gewerb-Institut,'* at Berlin, which was founded with this view, will be read with interest in the evidence of Dr Waagen. It appears that a constant correspondence is maintained between this institution and the more distant local governments and local manufacturers. In Bavaria (now the classic country of the arts) there are thirty-three schools of design. Outline drawing, to a considerable extent, forms an element in the system of national education. The Committee intended to have laid before the House, returns received through the medium of the Foreign Office, explanatory of the different schools and institutions connected with the arts in foreign countries. The non-arrival of the returns from France and from Prussia has caused the production of these documents to be postponed till a future session.

In our own country, manufacturing artists have been greatly indebted to such institutions as the Board of Trustees in Edinburgh, and the Royal Society in Dublin (the latter of which has this year come under the consideration of another Committee of the House of Commons). In England, the rising Institute of British Architects promises great advantage to our manufacturers, and the more matured Mechanics' Institutions have disseminated much valuable instruction in the arts. The Reports of the Mechanics' Institutes of Glasgow, Manchester, and Coventry, indicate, in the present year, the awakened attention of the inhabitants of those great towns to the importance of education in design.

His Majesty's government has this year, for the first time, proposed a vote in the estimates for the establishment of a Normal School of Design.

It appears to the Committee that, in the formation of such an institution, not mere theoretical instruction only, but the direct practical application of the arts to manufactures, ought to be deemed an essential element. In this respect, local schools, where the arts reside as it were with the manufacture to which they are devoted, appear to possess many practical advantages. In such situations it is probable that the arts will eventually strike root and vegetate with vigour. But if a more central system be adopted, the inventive power of the artist ought equally to be brought to bear on the special manufacture which he is destined hereafter to pursue. Unless the arts and manufactures be practically combined, the unsuccessful aspirants after the higher branches of the arts will be infinitely multiplied, and the deficiency of manufacturing artists will not be supplied. But the interposition of the government should not extend to interference; it should aim at the development and extension of art; but it should neither control its action, nor force its cultivation.

The same system might probably be beneficially extended to the formation of open PUBLIC GALLERIES or MUSEUMS OF ART in the various towns willing to undertake a certain share in the foundation, and to continue the maintenance, of such establishments. In nothing have foreign countries possessed a greater advantage over Great Britain than in their numerous public galleries devoted to the arts, and open gratuitously to the people. The larger towns of France are generally adorned by such institutions. In this country we can scarcely boast of any. Our exhibitions (where they exist) are usually periodical. A fee is demanded for admission, and modern works only are exhibited. From such exhibitions the poor are necessarily excluded. Even those who can afford to pay, seldom enjoy the advantage of contemplating perfect specimens of beauty, or of imbibing the pure principles of art. If the recommendation of the Committee were adopted—that the opening of public galleries for the people should, as much as possible, be encouraged—casts of the best specimens of sculpture might be advantageously transmitted from the metropolis to the different towns. They should also contain the most approved modern specimens, foreign as well as domestic, which our extensive commerce would readily convey to us from the most distant quarters of the globe. It appears that among our workmen a great desire exists for such public exhibitions.

Mr Cowper has shown that the application of art to a material, not only encourages, but sometimes creates, a manufacture. Were the arts more extensively diffused among our population, many articles, such as marble, terra cotta, wood, and ivory (a material to which art is much applied in France), would give additional employment to the people. It has been generally admitted, both by artists and manufacturers, that access to botanical gardens would have an excellent effect on our industrious population. The French study more closely than we do the living flower, and their imita-

tions of plants are generally acknowledged to be more correct than ours. Mr Hay, an intelligent practical witness, from Edinburgh, has dwelt on the importance of the study of the natural flower, even in its simplest form. It appears to the Committee most desirable, with a view to extend a love, a knowledge of art among the people, that the principles of design should form a portion of any permanent system of national education. Such elementary instruction should be based on an extension of the knowledge of form, by the adoption of a bold style of geometrical and outline-drawing, such as is practised in the national schools of Bavaria. It is with regret that your Committee notice the neglect of any general instruction even in the history of art at our universities and public schools; an omission noticed long ago by Mr Burke, and obvious to every reflecting mind."

So far goes the Report on the low state of the arts as applicable to manufactures; let us now turn to the evidence of some of the witnesses. The answers given by Mr Morrison, the head of a large commercial house in London, are very conclusive:—

"Do you consider the English manufactures superior as far as regards the manufacture of the goods, but inferior in that portion of them which is connected with the arts?—I have found generally that we have been very much superior to foreign countries in respect of the general manufacture, but greatly inferior in the art of design.

What are the principal articles in which you consider our inferiority in art is perceptible?—It is very strikingly the case in all the arts of design connected with the silk manufacture, which is essentially a fancy trade.

To what circumstance do you attribute the superiority of foreign manufactures in art over our own?—To the fact that, on the Continent, they have public schools for teaching the art of design; that it has been part of their system to educate men as professors of the art of design as applied to the manufactures, and also as teachers; whereas, in this country, we have neither the one nor the other.

Do you think it would be of great importance to our manufactures to encourage a familiarity with design among the manufacturing population?—There is no doubt that it would be desirable that it should be encouraged, and I should say in this country more especially it seems an absolute necessity, because some branches of our manufacture really languish from the want of encouragement in the art of design. I should further say, that, with respect to the art of design, there is no want of encouragement on the part of the public, and that we are now, and have been for a long time, obliged to resort to the Continent for the purpose of purchasing their new designs; and, in fact, our manufactures have been greatly benefited by the opportunity of purchasing foreign art in that shape.

You mean to say that even the competition, with the opportunity of seeing their patterns, has been a benefit to our own manufactures?—The truth is, we have generally copied the French patterns; and if we have attempted to alter, we have only injured them, so that, in point of fact, they are all French; I am now speaking more especially of the silk trade.

Have you ever been struck with the great attention and activity the subject of patterns excites in France, and that it increases the value of the article?—I consider it as a matter on which the manufacturer there chiefly relies; and if he is fortunate in his patterns, he makes a successful year; if otherwise, his profits are materially less.

Is it not generally the opinion of the French, that the man who is lucky in a pattern, is the fortunate manufacturer of the year?—Certainly. I have understood in certain houses that the manufacturers were doing well, because they had been fortunate in their patterns; their success for the season resulting from their superiority in that respect.

You have, of course, turned your attention to the means of encouraging manufactures, by opening to the eyes of the people, galleries, collections of casts, in fact, giving them every opportunity of instructing their minds in art, and creating a desire for art, by the observation of that which is beautiful?—Undoubtedly, it is most desirable that they should be encouraged to visit such institutions; and I very much regret that the British Museum and the National Gallery are closed on those days upon which it is the most convenient for the labouring classes sometimes to attend.

Do you think that sufficient attention has been paid to what may be called the education of the eyes of the people by our own government, or has it been as much attended to as that species of education has been attended to abroad; that is, by freely opening galleries to encourage and increase the taste of the people?—I think it is a very extraordinary circumstance that, while in small states, where there are scarcely any manufactures, one hears of schools of design, yet in this country, at the head of the manufactures of the world, and where it would be of the most importance, we have nothing of the kind.

Do not you think that the ignorance among manufacturers as to art generally, has been a great impediment to the introduction of chemical knowledge in the manufacturing field?—There is no doubt of that. But I should say that that is owing to the deficiency of scientific education among the middle classes, in which France, it is generally understood, is so superior to us. I should also state, that the new colours, as

well as the new patterns, originate in France. We have a vast number of colours now in our manufactures which were quite unknown a few years ago, and there is scarcely one of them which has not been originally imported from France; that, however, is partly owing to the fact that the fashions are set there."

We have heard it alleged that there is no lack of ability among artists in Britain, and that patterns might easily be obtained from them for payment. There is certainly no lack of ability in the higher departments of art, but it appears from the evidence that this is not the thing required: in the silk manufacture, in particular, the ability must lie in the operative. Mr R. Harrison, on being asked if he thought there was no lack of talent in the country, answered—"I think there is not; because there are a great many persons engaged exclusively in the production of designs for printed cottons, challis, and bandannas; we have in the trade individuals who can draw patterns, but are not conversant with the principle of weaving, and therefore we have been unable to put those patterns to work. We have now many patterns by us which are perfectly useless, because the drawing is not adapted to weaving."

And you think that the encouragement of knowledge of design, by whatever means, among the manufacturing population, would extend the demand of the manufacture?—Undoubtedly it would; we would willingly, at the present time, engage a man at a handsome salary, conversant with the principle of weaving, as a designer, and also able to put the pattern upon paper."

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MRS ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

THIS excellent and gifted lady was born in the town of Belfast, in the year 1768. She was descended from a respectable Scottish family, which had emigrated to Ireland, in consequence of the religious persecutions in the time of Charles II. Mrs Hamilton's grandfather, however, had re-established himself in Scotland, where he procured a civil appointment, and became the father of several children. He died at a comparatively early age in distressed circumstances, and his only son, our heroine's father, was left with his two sisters to struggle for themselves in the world. Fortunately, their connections were able and willing to assist them; and while the sisters were received into the families of their friends, young Hamilton was placed in a commercial house in London, in accordance with his wish to enter into trade. Ultimately he went over to Ireland, and engaged in business in Belfast.

Mr Hamilton's mercantile affairs prospered, and he was enabled to offer his hand to a lady, whose mental and personal qualifications are described as being of no common order. He was successful in his suit, and three children were the issue of the marriage that ensued. Elizabeth, the subject of our memoir, was the youngest of these; and within a year after her birth, Mr Hamilton died, before he had time to retrieve the family fortunes. His widow, some years afterwards, consented, at the pressing instance of her friends, to part with her children, for the sake of their education. Elizabeth, at that time six years of age, was surrendered to the care of her father's sister, who had married a worthy man, of the name of Marshall, in Stirlingshire, where our heroine spent a happy childhood. To the instructions of Mrs Marshall, a sensible and accomplished woman, Elizabeth owed much of the strength and amiability of character that afterwards distinguished her; and of her obligations to Mr Marshall, we may judge from the description she has given of him: "To him," she says, "might well be applied what the poet Burns has said of an Ayrshire friend, that 'he held his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God.'" In addition to the lessons derived from her relations, Elizabeth had the advantage of a good teacher at Stirling, where she went through the usual routine of education common in her time. The disadvantages of the system then pursued, she alludes to long after in her work on Education. The practice of recitation, or getting by heart, as it is termed, she particularly objects to, as conveying not one iota of meaning to the pupil, who might as well be repeating Hebrew as English. Her kind friends, to whose house she returned every Saturday from Stirling, had the merit of remedying such defects as these. "By this worthy couple," says she, in one of her letters, "I was adopted, and educated with a care and tenderness that has seldom been equalled. No child ever spent so happy a life; nor, indeed, have I ever met with any thing at all resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage."

The native talents of Elizabeth are said to have been early conspicuous, and her love of reading a marked trait in her character. Her passion for books increased as she advanced in years; so much so, that her kind aunt, fearing that she neglected too much external accomplishments, sent her, on several occasions, to visit friends in Glasgow and Edinburgh, where she might mingle a little with the world. What was the nature of the friendships the niece was disposed to form on these occasions, may be conceived from the circumstance of her establishing a correspondence with the philosophical lecturer, Dr Moyle, to whom she had

been introduced in Glasgow. A correspondence of a literary and scientific nature between a very young lady and a person like Dr Moyle, would lead us to the conclusion, that, even then, Miss Hamilton was a marked character.

When our heroine was about fifteen, she was gratified by a visit to Stirlingshire from her brother, who was shortly after to sail for India, in the capacity of a cadet in the Company's service. "Since the death of her mother (who had sunk into the grave in Elizabeth's childhood), Miss Hamilton had regarded her brother with intense affection, and their meeting on this occasion was productive of important results; seeing that they entered into a promise to correspond with each other, which, being faithfully kept, enabled the sister to store her mind with the materials for her excellent Letters of a Hindoo Rajah. About the period of Mr Hamilton's departure, Mr and Mrs Marshall, with their niece, removed to a beautiful little cottage at Ingram's Crook, where our heroine spent much of her future life.

Miss Hamilton wrote much, it is supposed, in private, before her ordinary acquaintances were aware of her literary powers. Chance first divulged the truth. Having been permitted by her friends to join a party of pleasure going to the Highlands, she wrote a Journal, descriptive of every remarkable sight or incident, for the amusement of her aunt. That lady showed it to a friend, who was so highly gratified with it, that she sent it without leave to a provincial magazine, where it appeared, to the writer's great astonishment. It attracted some attention, and probably was instrumental in encouraging Miss Hamilton to further and higher exertions. Much of her leisure time was devoted at this period of her life to compositions in verse, many of which are scattered throughout her letters and other works, though the greater part of them, doubtless, have been dispersed and lost.

After writing the Tour, Miss Hamilton engaged, chiefly for the cultivation of her powers, and the entertainment of her friends, in the composition of a sort of novel, founded on the fortunes of the celebrated Arabella Stuart, whose relationship to the royal family exposed her to such hard treatment from James I. Only a fragment of this now exists, and, perhaps, no more of it ever was finished. It consists of letters between the Lady Arabella and a dear friend; and in the meeting of this friend with a sister, Miss Hamilton shadowed forth her own intense anxiety to see her elder and only sister. In the year 1778, this desire was gratified, her friends having permitted her to visit Ireland. The following passage from a letter, written from that country to Mr Hamilton in India, will best show our heroine's feelings on this occasion:—"It is now above three months that I have had the felicity of enjoying the company of the dearest of sisters, the kindest of friends, and, laying all partiality aside, the most amiable and sensible companion I have ever met with. We want nothing but the company of our dear Charles to make us truly happy. . . . I was extremely happy to find my sister more than answer the ideas I had formed of her. In person, indeed, she was not the least like what I had imagined; she was neither so tall nor slender as I expected; and from her looks, she might have been with me a twelvemonth, without my discovering her to be my Katharine. But her good sense, and her fine sentiments, and sensibility of temper, altogether formed her for the friend I wanted, and had long wished to meet with. Her affection for me made her consider me in the same light; and though I acknowledged myself her inferior in many things, I will not yield to her in affection and warmth of heart for those I love."

Shortly after Miss Hamilton's return from Ireland to Ingram's Crook, she had the misfortune to lose her beloved aunt; and for the ensuing six years, she was incessantly occupied in the meritorious task of ministering to the comforts of her uncle. During this whole period, she appears to have had her time fully occupied in domestic avocations, as, with the exception of a most interesting and uninterrupted series of letters to her brother, and two short papers in the *Lounger*, her pen appears to have been laid aside for the time. Her letters are delightful evidences of her warmth of heart and strong sense; and the replies from Mr Hamilton were so excellent, that to them much of his sister's powers of mind and subsequent distinction may be justly attributed.

In the year 1786, Miss Hamilton received the agreeable and unexpected news that her brother was on his way to Britain. In consequence of his high reputation at Calcutta as an Oriental scholar, the governor-general determined to entrust him with the important task of translating the Mussulman Code of Laws, and leave was given for his return to England, where the ease and tranquillity necessary for this duty might best be found. Mr Hamilton arrived, in December 1786, at Ingram's Crook. The delight with which our heroine received her brother was heightened by the thought that he was about to enter on a path leading to that honourable distinction she had long anticipated for him. His letters had made her long aware of his talents, and we may remark that he also had adopted a similar opinion of his sister's powers, having repeatedly urged her to employ them in some public way.

Mr Hamilton visited Dublin, and brought his eldest sister with him to London, from which, after publishing a work on the East, he returned to Mr Marshall's

cottage. Here the sisters and the brother spent a happy winter together. Mr Hamilton pursued his allotted task with ardour, and the conversations which our heroine delighted to engage him in, imbued her mind still more deeply with that taste for Oriental literature, for which his letters had paved the way. In 1788, the brother returned to London, and, on Mr Marshall's death, in the following year, Elizabeth, having no tie to retain her at the Crook, rejoined her brother and sister in the metropolis.

Here, for the first time, did Miss Hamilton find herself in the midst of society of the high order in which she was fitted to mingle. The respect in which her brother was held, opened the way for the sister, and her own amiability and genius speedily secured for her a permanent place in the esteem of the circle in which she moved. The completion of Mr Hamilton's task, however, determined him to return to India, and Elizabeth once more became an inmate of the cottage at Crook. From this an unhappy event summoned her: her brother had been taken so ill as to be unable to prosecute his voyage, and Miss Hamilton revisited London, only to watch over his last moments. He died in March 1792.

Elizabeth and her sister soon after established themselves in a retired spot at Sunning in Berkshire, where they mourned long over their departed brother. This period is the true beginning of our heroine's literary life; and to the grief that preyed on her affectionate heart, the world owes the first of her works. It is founded on the treasured-up memorials of Mr Hamilton, his letters, and his conversations. The *Hindoo Rajah* was published in 1796, at which time, at the pressing desire of her friends, she returned to London. The friends in question were the family of the celebrated Dr Gregory, author of the popular *Letters to Females*. The hopes of Miss Hamilton's well-wishers were gratified; she gradually resumed her relish for cultivated society, and took an interest in literary pursuits. Her work was received with the greatest applause, as her friends, to whom it had been submitted previously, had anticipated. It was only by slow degrees, however, that that feminine delicacy of temperament, which peculiarly distinguished her, was reconciled to the idea of exposing the inmost workings of the mind to the view of the world. Success, doubtless, tended greatly to efface this womanly reluctance.

Miss Hamilton's health had become of late years exceedingly precarious, and after the return of her sister to Ireland, she passed some time in Gloucestershire and at Bath. The illness under which she occasionally laboured, assumed now the appearance of gout in the limbs, of the use of which she was sometimes entirely deprived. This disease continued with her, more or less, for the rest of her life. It did not, however, paralyse her mental activity. In 1800, she gave to the public her work, in three volumes, termed the *Modern Philosophers*, which reached at once a very high degree of popularity. Being published anonymously, in order to give a stronger zest to the humor it contains, it had the honour of being successively laid to the door of several of the first authors of the day. The true author, however, was not long in being discovered, and she became at once the admired of the witty, the fashionable, and the great. Among these she easily distinguished the proper objects of friendship; and perhaps no one was ever more fortunate in acquiring the love and esteem of those whose regard she sought. In the number were Dugald Stewart, Miss Edgeworth, Bishop Watson, Hector McNeill, Miss Elizabeth Smith, and many other individuals, noted for their virtues and their genius. The frequent excursions which were thought advisable for her health, brought her into contact with many whom she might not otherwise have known.

Between 1800 and 1804, she produced her celebrated *Letters on Education*, and the *Memoirs of Agrippina*—a work embodying an elegant and succinct account of the laws, customs, and domestic manners of ancient Rome. These increased her already great reputation, and attracted so much attention in the highest quarters, that his majesty was pleased to confer on the author a pension, in acknowledgment of her services in the cause of religion and virtue. Miss Hamilton was at this time residing in Edinburgh, and was much affected by this flattering reward of her exertions.

About this same period she was anxiously solicited by a nobleman to undertake the charge of educating his family, and consented so far as to reside in his house for a period of six months, which was spent in endeavouring to establish a right system of instruction. At the expiry of this time, she withdrew, but evinced her affection for her temporary charges by her *Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman*, which were published in the spring of 1806.

Mrs Hamilton (as she was now designated by herself and others) returned to her home in Edinburgh, with feelings of pleasure which were reciprocated by all her friends. With the co-operation of others, she engaged actively in plans for the promotion of industry among the lower orders of her country-women. To further this end, she began the composition of what she terms in one of her letters "a little tale," but which turned out, when completed, to be the most applauded of her works, namely, the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*. It is highly creditable to the inhabitants of Scotland that Glenburnie became so universally popular; for, surely, to speak the truth, never was the mirror held up to



nature in a manner so provokingly faithful, so graphically true, as the mal-economy of many a rural Scottish household is there represented. Ten thousand cheeks must have "shamed the morn with their blushes," when that inimitable personage, Mrs MacClarty, presented herself, as she did at every ingle-side in the land, with "I canna be fashed" on her sonny lips, ready for all and every occasion. Yet we must not give too much credit to the good nature of the Scottish people. To the skill and genius of the writer, in blending a tale alike remarkable for humour and pathos, with the cutting lessons conveyed in the portraiture of Dame MacClarty and her race, must be chiefly ascribed the favour which the production met with from those for whose instruction and improvement it was composed. Upon the whole, it unquestionably did more true service to the rural population of Scotland, than any previous composition, and, indeed, stands to this hour without a rival in its kind.

Mrs Hamilton continued for several years after the publication of the Cottagers of Glenburnie, to reside in Edinburgh, where she mingled habitually, when her health would permit, with a circle of loving and beloved friends. In 1812, however, her complaints assumed so aggravated a character, that it was deemed necessary for her to spend the winter in the south of England. While there, her Popular Essays on the Human Mind issued from the press, a work of a more metaphysical cast than any she had hitherto produced, and which, if possible, increased the estimation in which her talents were held. In 1813, she paid a visit to her native Ireland, and on leaving it, returned to Edinburgh. A small volume, entitled Hints to the Directors of Public Schools, was the only other composition given by Mrs Hamilton to the public during the remainder of her days. These were finally closed at Harrowgate, in England, whither she had latterly gone in the hope of alleviating the sufferings which undermined her bodily frame, but which never, up to the last moment, could unsettle the cheerfulness and composure of her mind. She died on the 23d of July 1816, and her remains were interred in the church of Harrowgate.

#### ROAD ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

From JENNINGS'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL, for 1837—one of the most beautiful and interesting of that class of publications, and the merits of which we will take an early opportunity of specifying.]

PERHAPS it is not very generally known that, in Spain, diligences and parties of travellers under the conduct of muleteers, in general pay a species of *black mail* to robber chiefs, in order to escape being plundered on their journey. By paying this tax, they are protected. As for the Spanish government, or power of the law, it has been so weak and utterly contemptible for a century or two back, that practices of this kind are openly tolerated. The following account, given by a traveller, shows a case in which no black mail had been paid:—"Ramon, our old conductor, a stirring fellow as you will find for an Andalusian, summoned us betimes; and ere the sun had gilded the snowy peaks of the Nevada, we were passing the pleasant valley of Guadalquivir, by the old ruinous colony of La Carlotta, and over those bare weary hills, except here and there dotted with the olive, which bring us to the renowned city of Ecija, close upon the Xenil. There we sojourned for the night, not a little pleased, as our bold pioneer assured us we had reason to be, at having reached so safe and respectable a town unmolested. Next day we were up again with the sun, expecting to reach our destination towards nightfall. Not liking the aspect of the hills and holly-bushes by which we had to pass, Ramon kept two of his assistants some fifty yards in advance, to keep a look-out, and outposts were established about the same distance upon either of our flanks. Our flints and Mantons he inspected with the eye of a sportsman intent upon hitting his bird, and every now and then he cried out, 'Stand!' to use us to the voice of the robbers, so that we might not tremble, and miss our men. But at length the beautiful open plain burst upon our view, in the midst of which rises the isolated cone, upon whose summit stands the ancient Carmona, covered with the fragments of those mosques and towers once considered the inviolable inheritance of the invincible Moors.

The plain is here almost wholly denuded of trees—only a few half-stunted shrubs, bearing a remarkable resemblance in every thing but size to the aspiring palm. Upon reaching this open ground, the laugh against the good Father Ramon—as he was familiarly termed—was loud and universal; and he certainly began to relax something of his generalship in the idea that he had, for once, stolen a march upon the enemy. His advanced posts were called in, the scouts on our flank quietly resumed their position, and discipline was no longer the order of the day. We were just approaching a solitary court and garden on the site of an antiquated castle, partly surrounded by a little live wood, not more than a few steps from the road. Scarcely had we set eyes on it, when the old startling cry of 'Stand!' made us draw back, and every one looked hard at Ramon, thinking he had been repeating his old experiment upon our courage. But a look convinced us it could not be so, and the appearance of a horseman—a perfect cut-throat from head to foot—assured us that Ramon's extreme un-

easiness was by no means feigned. 'Halt! back!' was again repeated, as our guide, turning to us, observed, 'Now do your best, gentlemen, for the devil is broken loose. What is your good pleasure, caballero?' he continued, addressing the horseman. 'Father Ramon,' replied the other, 'give us no useless trouble. You have a certain quantity of gold by you—I think ten ounces, besides other valuables. Hand us two-thirds, and an order on your banker at Seville for one hundred pounds. You can then quietly pursue your journey, less encumbered, and more agreeably to the company.' The latter had time to eye the speaker a little closer. He wore the smart cut of an Andalusian dandy; was well and handsomely mounted, with huge spurs, short stirrups also of immense size, and high-pummelled saddle in the ancient Turkish style. A green light net, to serve as a fly-flapper, bedecked his steed; his horse-pistols glanced from their holsters, and he brandished a most formidable-headed lance—looking altogether like the blunderbuss which hung at his side. A cartridge-box (new pattern) of variegated leather, clasped round his body, held some fifteen charges in plaited cases, shining in two rows one above the other.

At the friendly proposal to pay thirteen shillings and sixpence in the pound, and jog on, Ramon's countenance fell, and he replied, 'You are very polite, caballero; but will a dozen Castilian gentlemen, such as I have the honour to escort, approve of the dividend? For myself, I am no friend to squabbles. Show us how we can surrender with honour, and I promise you that we shall not fire the first shot. How many are you?—let us compare our strength.' But before the horseman could reply, our young soldier, Rojas, had unsheathed his weapon, calling out, 'You rascal! By the holy Lady of Cavadonga, are you going to sell us like so many sheep?' 'Stand to your arms, then, gentlemen!' cried the mayoral, assuming one of his boldest looks. 'Carajo!' exclaimed the robber, wheeling round his horse; 'I will treat you better than you deserve; and taking aim at us from at least some hundred paces, he fired, and poor Rojas, with a cry of vengeance, fell the next moment to the ground. Other shots followed; two of the mule-drivers were stretched at his side, and some eight or ten more ruffians now issued from the wood. 'Carajo!' again cried their leader; 'I will teach you to treat the children of Ecija with more respect.'

Our Castilian travellers, however, stood firm. We returned their fire, and Ramon, making a virtue of necessity, resolved to defend his property to the last. He called most vociferously on every man to do his duty, and led up his discomfited muleteers to a second attack. Our pieces were in none of the best order, carrying neither so surely nor so far as those of the enemy, who, after a discharge, directly galloped off, reloaded, and came down upon us again. Seeing this, an old Castilian veteran, on our side, advised us to follow him and come to close quarters; a proposition no way pleasing to Ramon, who maintained it was his duty to guard the baggage and effects. Four of our company were now wounded, and one at least appeared to have given up the ghost. We had the worst in the next encounter, in which I received an ignoble blow from a stone, instead of a bullet, upon the eye. I had lost the use of an arm; and when the whole band burst in upon us with their drawn cutlasses, crying, 'Down with your faces!' they had no need to repeat the order, as far as I was concerned. 'How childish to give me all this trouble, Ramon!' exclaimed the leader. 'Come, down like the rest!' All quickly obeyed, with the exception of Father Antonio, who, slowly and solemnly, turned his reverend visage into the dust. What was Ramon's agony to hear the thieves rummaging over all his valuables, and every now and then chinking the gold! It had like to have fared worse with Father Antonio; for in the last charge he had unluckily shot the head bandit's horse, who now swore, that, as he had assumed the military for the clerical, he should dispatch him, not as a priest, but as a layman who knew how to carry a musket, leaving him to settle the matter as he pleased. 'No!' exclaimed another of the band, 'let him first say his prayers; he will not be long—it is his special business.' 'Not the Pope himself should interfere, the brute!' retorted the leader. 'He has killed the noblest beast ever bedridden since the days of Babieca and the Cid. Ho! Christoval! bind these two villains who first fired to a tree; dispatch both, and let us be off.' At the name of Christoval, Antonio raised his head, and the next moment recognised in the robber his own foster-brother, and the lover to whom his sister had commissioned him to present a token of her regard. His appearance offered a favourable contrast to that of his companions: slight and elegant in his form, his eyes and hair were of that clear bright brown which is esteemed a rare beauty by the Andalusian women. They were already binding my poor friend Rojas to a tree, being the less disposed to spare him from the cut of his cap, which showed he was a national guard. But, as they laid hold of Father Antonio for the same purpose, he cried out, while he held out his sister's love-token in his hand, 'Don't you acknowledge this, Christoval Moreno? Will you not save your brother, Antonio Lara?' At these words, Christoval rushed between his comrades, knife in hand—'By our holy mother, I should like to see who dare touch one hair of your head! He shall answer it to me!' 'Back, Moreno, on your life!' cried the chief. 'Much as I am thy

friend, were he as a hundred brothers to thee, he must die!' He motioned to his band to drag Christoval away, and dispatch the prisoners; when that moment the cry of 'The queen for ever! down with the bloody villains!' and a strong party of horse burst from the further side of the wood, and were in a moment on us. The robbers, or Carlists, as the troopers chose to term them, were taken so completely by surprise, that they had not time to fire a shot; and they were both too weak and dispersed to stand to their arms for a moment. Two were already disabled, like those they were tying to the tree; and a third was taken. But Christoval had thrown himself on his horse, followed by some half dozen of those nearest to him; while Pedro, their chief, had barely time to take refuge in the old house close by, and make fast the entrance. 'We have him! get round!' cried the captain of the troopers; and the ruined court and garden were filled at every outlet by his men. The officer advanced close to the door, summoning the robber to surrender, and come forth. The same instant it opened, and the desperado presented his piece within arm's-length of the captain's head. 'Let me pass, young sir: it irks me thus uselessly to shed your blood.' The young fellow had only his drawn sword. He hesitated a moment, and then shouting, 'Long live the queen!' he threw himself on his terrible adversary, who snapped his musketoon; but it missed fire, and the next moment the bandit chief measured his length on the ground.

Father Antonio, the young soldier, and poor Ramon, were already on their legs; and you may fancy how our deliverers, especially the gallant young captain, were regaled by us that evening, when we all reached Carmona together. Our sick and wounded were taken care of. Pedro, 'the terrible,' as Ramon, while he was busily making out a new inventory, entitled him, was the only one left dead on the field; and a few arm-slings and black patches put an end to our somewhat startling adventure."

#### JOHNNY STUART,

OR, THE SCOTTISH PENNY WEDDINGS.

[Penny Weddings are now extinct. Till within the last thirty or forty years, they formed the principal festive occasions of the Scottish peasantry, and the humbler order of individuals in the small country towns. When well arranged and decorously managed, these public weddings, with the hilarious ceremonies which attended them, were scenes of much innocent mirthfulness, while the expense to which the individuals who resorted to them were put, was of the most trifling nature—at one period, as appears from the name, the contribution being no more than a single penny. It is only to be regretted that these, as well as almost all other rustic festivals, have been abolished, chiefly on account of the intemperance which in latter times has characterised them, to the scandal of the more reflecting class of the community. Let us trust, however, that the dancing days of the Scotch are not gone never to return; but that the period will ere long arrive, when it will be possible to be mirthful without at the same time being degraded by intemperate indulgences. In the meanwhile, Penny Weddings, though among the things that were, are prevented from going entirely out of remembrance, by the highly characteristic sketches of David Allan, and the well-known picture of our contemporary, Sir David Wilkie. We have now before us a still more certain means of keeping alive the recollection of these festivities, in a thin quarto just published by Grant and Company, Wellington Street, Strand, under the title of "The Penny Wedding, by John Grant, formerly Proprietor and Editor of the Elgin Courier." Mr Grant—a man of modest character and respectable talent—involves the whole of the progressive ceremonies of a Penny Wedding in a pleasing fictitious narrative, and illustrates the successive ceremonies of the Foot-Washing, the Meeting the First Foot, the Bride's Welcome Home, the Wedding Dinner, the Shamit Reel, and the Bedding and Throwing of the Stocking, with as many prints, which, though not so true to Scottish costume and character of thirty years ago as might be wished, nevertheless convey a lively impression of the respective scenes which they depict. An outline of the story is here presented.]

JOHN STUART was the son of an industrious and respectable farmer, who rented the small farm of Edinville, situated in the beautiful glen of Pluscarden, in Elginshire. The old man had given his children an opportunity of acquiring the usual branches of knowledge, so easily obtained by all classes in the parochial schools of Scotland, and, being desirous of bringing them up with habits of industry, employed them during their leisure hours in tending his cattle and assisting him in the labours of the farm. When Johnny had entered the eighteenth year of his age, his father entrusted him to go every Friday morning to the Elgin market, distant seven miles, with two rustic carts loaded with peats, a fuel much used in that part of the country. Johnny was a very handsome youth, and his fine ruddy countenance was shown off to great advantage when he was dressed, as he always was on these occasions, in his Sunday suit of homespun Western Alives blue, with tartan plaid and highland bonnet, so that he soon became an object of attraction to the numerous lasses who had to attend the market to make purchases. Being naturally of a very bashful disposition, he felt at a loss how to conduct himself when he observed the lasses striving to get his peats, often offering him seventeen and eighteen-pence the load, when they were generally to be had at sixteen-pence, that they might have an opportunity, during the time he helped to carry them into the house, of joking and teasing him that it was time he should look out for a wife, and hinting that his addresses to them would be very acceptable; but all their ingenuity was of no avail, as he had never met with one to inspire him with the tender passion to such a degree as to induce him to think of her alone.

Early in the spring of 1810, a change took place in Johnny's mind; he had made a promise to his cousin

who resided in Dollas, that he would walk over the hill and meet him at the church some fine Sunday forenoon. Accordingly, in the beginning of the month of May, he set out from his father's farm about nine o'clock on a beautiful Sunday morning; and before eleven o'clock, the distance being about six miles, had arrived at the churchyard of the parish of Dollas. In country parishes, it is seldom that divine service commences before one o'clock, so that when he entered the churchyard, the people had not begun to arrive, although they appeared in the distance, in all directions, winding their way along the footpaths on the sides of the hills. To a person like Johnny Stuart, in the heyday of youth, when his mind was free from those cares which are the constant companions of men of more mature age, the scene which he at that moment witnessed, the beautiful woods of Rininver to the north, the ancient natural grown oak-wood of Dollas, extending as far as the eye could reach, to the east, the great expanse of heath-clad hills to the south and west, interspersed with the cottages of the peasantry, and the pretty winding of the Lossie in its progress eastward, contributed, with the genial warmth of the sun's rays reflected from the hills, to bring on the most pleasing sensations; and he felt such a lassitude in his whole frame, that he was under the necessity of sitting down on one of the flat tombstones in the churchyard. After sitting some time, he arose with the intention of looking over the memorials of the dead inscribed on the numerous monuments which surrounded him, when, on coming to one that had evidently been recently erected, he observed a female figure of most beautiful symmetry, and more agreeable countenance than any he had ever witnessed, leaning upon it. The sacredness of the place, the agreeable sensations which he at that moment experienced, and the unexpected sight of a being combining so many perfections, so completely unnerved him, that he was again under the necessity of reposing upon a tombstone. At length he was roused from his pleasing reverie by a friendly clap upon the shoulder, the extension of an open hand, and the salutation, "How is a' wi' you?" The person who addressed him was his cousin, who had just entered the churchyard, and had come up to him without being observed. On inquiring of his cousin who the young woman was who had so much interested him, he learned that her name was Jeanny Buie; that she had lost one of her brothers a week before; and that her father and mother were so frail, and had taken the death of their son so much to heart, that she had come to church alone that day. This was enough. About three weeks after this period, Johnny obtained leave of his father to go and spend the day at a fair which was to be held in Elgin. On these occasions the country lads and lasses dress in their best attire; and it is certainly one of the most amusing scenes to the inhabitants of towns in Scotland to witness the unsophisticated cultivators of the soil parading the streets or standing at the side of a house, with their arms round their sweethearts' necks, as if they were courting at the back of a hay-rick in the country.

Johnny had not been long at the fair when he met his cousin in the cattle market, and having mutually agreed to have a tasting of something, they entered Sawney Paul's tent; and while there enjoying some refreshment, who should greet the eyes of the delighted swain but his beautiful Jeanny Buie? Jeanny and her master had come to the fair to dispose of a cow and half a dozen sheep; and he having soon found a customer and concluded a bargain, they proceeded to the tent in which the cousins were seated, to pay the sum agreed on and drink the luck-penny. Johnny's cousin having been previously acquainted with Jeanny's master, entered into conversation with him, which afforded Johnny an opportunity of filling a bumper and offering it to his darling. While the other parties were busily engaged talking about the price of cattle, and the business likely to be done at the fair, Johnny managed to get close to Jeanny, and whispered so many loving words into her ear, that she gave half a promise that he might see her a mile or two on her way home in the evening. From this time Johnny went, notwithstanding the distance was considerable, to see his sweetheart two or three times a-week; and in the spring of the following year, they made up their minds to let their parents know that they wished to be married. As the parents of both parties concurred in their choice, there was no obstacle to their union; and it was ultimately settled that the marriage should take place at Martinmas next, as that season of the year would be most convenient for the attendance of their numerous friends and acquaintances; besides, they should have to fatten a cow and eight or ten sheep, and provide many other articles which would prevent them from being able to fix an earlier period.

Matters having been so far arranged, Jeanny left her service in Kellas at Whitsunday, and went home to her father's, to assist in preparing everything that would be necessary for the wedding; and also to spin wool for blankets, and lint for sheets, as it was considered a great disgrace to the bride if she was not well provided with these necessary articles before she was married. During the long period that the intended marriage was the talk of the whole country round, the youthful lovers embraced every opportunity of meeting each other at kirk and at market, and when they could find a few hours to spare after the labours of the day were ended.

About three weeks before the day fixed for the mar-

riage, the bride and bridegroom called upon all their friends and acquaintances, and invited them to the wedding—appointed the bride's-maids, and presented to them caps and ribbons—purchased the wedding ring—gave orders for a supply of every commodity necessary for the entertainment of their guests. As the day of the wedding approached, an unusual stir appeared in the direction of Fallowlee, the name of a small farm which Johnny had taken as his future residence. His father's carts might be seen conveying home from Elgin a new chest to hold his clothes, and perhaps an eight-day clock in a handsome mahogany case five feet high; at other times they might be seen loaded with the bride's cake, loaves, biscuits, and waffles, and various articles indispensable on such occasions.

On the evening of the day preceding that on which Jeanny Buie was to change her maiden name, a number of her friends and acquaintances assembled in her father's house in Kellas, for the purpose of going through the usual ceremony of the feet washing. By eight o'clock the whole company had arrived, and were treated with a good substantial supper. The party became very merry by ten o'clock, and insisted on Jeanny having her feet washed at that time; and although she wished to delay the ceremony until nearer bedtime, she was obliged to comply with their request. A large pot, containing water, had been placed on the fire, when the supper was ended, and having become warm, was poured into a large tub, placed in the middle of the room, and a ring from the finger of one of the married women thrown into it. The bride, deeply suffused in blushes, pulled off her stockings and placed her feet in the tub amongst the water. Every person present, whether lad or lass, immediately crowded round the tub, that they might have a hand in washing the bride's feet, and a chance of getting the ring, as it was the general belief that the person who had the good fortune to get it, would be the first of the party to get married. Mary Buie, the bride's sister, was the fortunate individual on this occasion; but she kept it secret for some time, and was highly amused to see the others still searching for it when she had it in her possession. Jamie Buie, the bride's brother, a sly young boy, wishing to have some sport, rubbed his hands upon a candle, and afterwards applied them to the soot in the chimney, and, on pretence of joining the others in search of the ring, blacked his sister's legs. When the bride withdrew her legs from the water, in the expectation, as they had been well washed, that they must be very clean, a hearty laugh was raised by all present when they saw them so very black. The bride was at first inclined to be angry, but at last joined in the laugh with the others. By a good deal of patience and extra labour, the bride succeeded in getting the grease and soot off her legs, and the washing-tub was removed to make way for the table and the punch-bowl. It need scarcely be added, that the remainder of the evening was spent in a truly mirthful manner, enlivened with songs from different members of the company, partaking both of the droll and the pathetic. But let us drop the curtain for the night, and raise it again on the morrow—the anxiously wished-for day of the wedding.

The bride, whose slumbers had not been very sound, as her thoughts were occupied with the change which was about to take place in her situation, had risen before any of the other members of her family had begun to stir, and employed her time in carefully placing in her new chest of drawers her plain but well-replenished wardrobe. When the whole of the family had risen, their first employment was to load a cart with the bride's chest of drawers, a feather-bed, and many other household articles, with which she took care to be well provided. The bride's party having met, and breakfasted at her father's, they all set out for the manse (the minister's house, where the ceremony of marriage is generally performed), headed by a bagpiper; the bride escorted by two young men, and the rest of the company three in a line, alternately one woman and two men, and two women and one man, a horse and cart, with the bride's furniture, bringing up the rear. One of the young men who escorted the bride had the charge of a bottle filled with whisky, out of which it was his duty to fill a glass and present it to the first person met by the party; and whatever may be the station, or however urgent the business of the individual they meet, they name the First Foot; the person invariably drinks the glass of whisky to the health and future happiness of the bride, and turns and walks sometimes a mile or two with the company.

The subject of the second plate represents the bride's party meeting a Highlander, to whom the glass of whisky is presented, and in another part a person scattering a quantity of copper pennies and half-pennies amongst the boys and girls who follow the party, crying, "Siller for the foot-ba'!" On the arrival of the bride's party at the manse, they found the bridegroom and his party waiting for them; and as the ceremony, according to the form of the Church of Scotland, does not occupy long time, the clergyman soon tied the indissoluble knot, and the late bride, now Jeanny Stuart, received the congratulations of all present. Both parties then mixed together, and proceeded on their way to Fallowlee, the future residence of the happy pair, the bagpiper playing the tune "Woo'd and married an' a'."

The firing of guns and pistols, and the loud strains

of the bagpipes, announced to the inhabitants of the surrounding country the progress of the marriage party, which was joined at every cross-road, or where there were cottages of the peasantry, by numerous smiling-faced happy individuals, dressed in their best attire, who intended being present at the wedding. James Buie and his wife, and the other aged persons, went in their own carts from their respective residences, by the nearest road to Fallowlee, and were all assembled to welcome home the newly married couple.

The subject of the third plate is taken when they arrive at the door of the cottage. The husband, in the ecstasy of the moment, kisses his wife, while granny throws a number of pieces of the bride's cake over their heads, as a token that Jeanny Stuart is welcome to a house with plenty in it. When the company arrived within about two hundred yards of the house of Fallowlee, a number of the young men started to try who would be the first to reach it, as the winner was entitled to demand a kiss of the newly-married damsel as his reward. Jeanny having entered the house, along with as many of her own and her husband's nearest relations as it could hold, was welcomed as the godwife of Fallowlee, and took her seat at the head of the table. The rest of the company adjourned to the barn and houses in the neighbourhood to have dinner. The first course of the dinner was soon placed on the table, and consisted entirely of broth, interspersed with pieces of meat, and legs and wings of various fowls. The quantity supplied to the guests, whose journey had given them an excellent appetite, was so great, and the plates were returned so often to get another fill from the ladle, that I had the curiosity to ask by what means they were able to be so well provided in a country house. One of the neighbours' wives, who afforded her services on the occasion, replied, that they were much obliged to Tibbie Christie, who gave them the loan of her brewing kettle, into which they put plenty of water, twenty hens, a whole sheep, a great quantity of barley, and many other items too numerous to mention, and made the broth in the usual way. As it could not be expected in a country place that there would be a sufficient number of knives and forks for such a large concourse of people, those who came unprovided with these articles were obliged to use their hands, particularly when they had a bone to pick, or a piece of meat too large to be eaten out of the horn spoons, with which they were well supplied.

Two fiddlers occupied an elevated station in the best room of the house, during the dinner, and gratified the company by playing lively airs; at the same time affording the young boys and girls an opportunity of having a dance, as represented in the fourth plate. The bagpiper and several fiddlers were occupied in the barn and neighbouring houses. The second course consisted of roast fowls and meat, and other substantial articles; and although many, who were in general only accustomed to one course at home, had made a good dinner of the broth, yet they ventured to do ample justice to all that was laid before them. When the company had eaten to their hearts' content, two decent middle-aged men, who were appointed managers, went round, holding out a basin, into which every person deposited a shilling, or any larger sum he chose, as the price of the entertainment. Immediately after the dinner was concluded, Johnny Stuart took his wife by the hand, and led her to the green in front of the house, where they were joined by a lad and a lass, and danced the Shamie Reel before the whole company, as represented in the fifth plate. This reel was named the Shamie Reel, as it was considered that it would take away the shame and bashfulness which the bride laboured under before so many people. When the part of the company that were inclined had danced upon the green, they adjourned into the houses and barns to dance and enjoy themselves during the evening. The old men, whose age and infirmities prevented them from joining in the dance, found plenty of employment in making whisky into punch, as it was not made in small quantities, or dealt with a sparing hand. Large milk pails, and in some instances washing-tubs, were used to compound the exhilarating liquid, and it was served round in large tin jugs instead of glasses, accompanied with plenty of Buckie haddock (a very fine salt fish), and waffles (a substantial cake), composed of half flour and half oatmeal.

Dancing was kept up with great spirit during the evening, as every lad who chose to give a bawbee (a halfpenny) to the fiddlers, was entitled to have any tune he pleased to name played over several times, to strathspey time, while he danced the Highland reel with his partner, and as many lads and lasses as the floor could hold. In the houses four persons was the general number dancing at one time, owing to the crowded state of the rooms; but in the barn, where there was plenty of room, there were sixteen and sometimes twenty on the floor.

Now came the most extraordinary ceremony of all—the Throwing the Stocking. In the midst of the whirling, fiddling, and dancing, when a late hour arrived, the bride's-maid slipped away very quietly with the bride to her bedroom, where she was undressed and put to bed, and notice given to the bridegroom of the circumstance. This was a signal to the young people, and a general rush took place to witness the bedding and throwing the stocking. The bedroom was soon crowded with as many persons of both sexes as it could hold, and the bridegroom stripped to his



shirt and drawers in their presence. The moment he was in bed, the bride took off one of her stockings, which had been allowed to remain when she was undressed, and threw it over the heads of the company. It is impossible to describe in words the scene that ensued. The stocking was caught by half a dozen hands at once, in its progress over the heads of the company, and the contest to retain possession lasted about ten minutes, until nearly the whole of the persons in the room were tumbling over each other on the floor. The valued prize—the last article of dress parted with by the bride—was expected to descend, like the mantle of Elisha, conveying the virtue it was supposed to possess, of ensuring the early marriage of the person who had the good fortune to obtain it. William Grant was the fortunate individual, who ultimately succeeded in securing the stocking, and, mounting on a chair, triumphantly waved it round his head, in token of his success. The bride's best man now cleared the room, and wished the married couple good night, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Those who had been present at the bedding and throwing the stocking returned to the dancing, which was kept up with great glee until six o'clock next morning, when the fiddlers obtained a respite from their labours.

Various methods of amusing the persons who still remained took place during the day, and dancing was again resorted to in the evening. Saturday was spent in a similar manner, only the company was not so great as on the two previous days; those who had a great desire to go, being anxious to get home before the Sabbath-day. On Sunday, about forty persons, all young lads and lasses, accompanied the married couple to the church, and afterwards dined at Fallowley in the afternoon.

Although the ceremonies consequent upon the marriage of Johnny Stuart with Jeanny Buie, may be said to have been at an end when the company parted on Sunday evening, yet all who came the way of Fallowley for several weeks afterwards, were treated with the greatest hospitality; the godwife being amply supplied with plenty of meat and drink, which had been provided in the greatest abundance for the wedding.

#### LAST CENTURY ECCENTRICITIES.

JOHN ELWES.

Is the life of John Elwes, one of the most eccentric and extraordinary misers on record, we find an interesting illustration of the extent to which a human being will go when actuated by the passion of avarice and unrestrained by considerations of decency or moral censure.

This singular man came of a true miser stock. His family name was Meggot, which was changed by our hero to Elwes, on his succeeding to the large fortune and property of his uncle Sir Harvey Elwes, a man described as the most perfect picture of human penury that ever existed. The father of John or Jack Meggot was a brewer of great eminence in London, who died possessed of great wealth, £100,000 of which was left to his widow Mrs Meggot. This richly endowed lady, after a few years of widowhood, literally starved herself to death! Her son John, whom, to avoid confusion, we shall call by the name of Elwes, which he ultimately bore, was sent in his boyhood to Westminster school, and acquired a considerable share of classical knowledge, which he retained to the end of his life. His biographer, Major Topham, says, "From Westminster school, Mr Elwes removed to Geneva, where he soon entered upon pursuits more agreeable than study. The riding-master of the academy here had then to boast, perhaps, of three of the best riders in Europe, Mr Worsley, Mr Elwes, and Sir Rodney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the most desperate; the young horses were always put to his hands, and he was the rough-riding to the other two."

On the return of Elwes from Geneva, at the age of twenty-five, he was introduced for the first time to his uncle Sir Harvey, to whose estate he did not succeed until fifteen years afterwards. At this time John Elwes was a fashionable young man, and exhibited no peculiarities of character to distinguish him from the educated and extravagant associates with whom he mingled. He had a strong turn for gambling, which never wholly overcame, until bad fortune and irregular paymasters sickened him of the vice. To the last, however, the love of "money in hand" consoled him in his mind with the love of speculation. It is asserted, that, had he received all he won, he would have been no loser by play, but a strange feeling, which he never violated throughout life, made those who owed him money very easy on the subject. He professed this rare theory, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money."

We have mentioned that Elwes was introduced, on coming to England, to his uncle Sir Harvey. He afterwards paid frequent visits to that gentleman's seat at Stoke in Suffolk, and the remarkable circumstances accompanying these visits very probably determined the bent of the nephew's mind, and fixed his character. Sir Harvey was a man who dined a potato, an inch of pudding, and a partridge from a man; and he suffered the fire in the coldest day

in winter to go out while he dined—as "eating was quite exercise enough." His dress was supplied from an old family wardrobe, so that the baronet was generally attired after the fashion of Charles II.'s time, as far as patches permitted that fashion to be recognised. The same wardrobe long afterwards did a similar service to the nephew. John, having at this period of his life a stomach like other people, and being dressed also according to the style of the day, was artful enough to know, that, if he presented himself with undisguised appetite and in decent attire to his uncle, the succession to the estates would be endangered. Before approaching Sir Harvey's mansion, therefore, he used to stop at a little inn, where he took the edge off his appetite and dressed himself in character for the miserly masquerade. He crept out of his every-day clothes, donned an old coat sorely harassed with years, a pair of darned, yet riddled stockings, a pair of iron buckles, an old tattered waistcoat, a snuff-brown hat, and, thus habited for the courtship of avarice, he rode on to visit his relative. Sir Harvey used to walk round his nephew in this condition, contemplating his rags in an ecstasy of delight, after which the pair sat down to one glass of wine and two potatoes, and railed at extravagance. They then tottered off long before nightfall to bed, chuckling over the axiom, that "going to bed saves candlelight."

Sir Harvey, as well as his nephew, had some strangely mingled traits in his character. On one occasion a band of robbers, knowing that the baronet had but one servant, and that his old crazy house contained much money, broke into the mansion. They presented a pistol to the head of Sir Harvey, who was sitting alone, and demanded his money. Not a penny would the old gentleman give them, till assured that his servant was safe. He then handed to them fifty guineas, and, on further threatening, showed them a drawer in which were seven-and-twenty hundred guineas. "This they packed in two large baskets, and carried off; a robbery which, for quantity of specie, was perhaps never equalled. On quitting him, they told him they should leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for assistance; on which he very coolly, and with some simplicity, took out his watch, which they had not asked for, and said, 'Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape; after that time, nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does.' He was as good as his word; when the time expired, he went and untied his man, whom they had bound in the stable." When the authors of the robbery were discovered some years after, Sir Harvey would not appear against them.

At forty years of age, Mr Elwes succeeded to the large property of his uncle. He shifted, on Sir Harvey's demise, from Marcham to Stoke, where the mansion-house was in somewhat better repair. Here he kept a pack of foxhounds. The reader may think this unlike the doings of a miser, but he must recollect that Mr Elwes's pack was not like the pack of any body else. It consisted merely of a few industrious dogs; industrious in their calling, because they hunted the fox for bare subsistence. One man served the place of servants, huntsmen, grooms, and whippers-in. This fellow rose at four o'clock, milked the cows, watered the horses, and made his master's breakfast; then slipping on an old green coat, he hurried into the stable, cleaned and saddled the horses, and unkenelled the dogs. The day over, he refreshed himself with rubbing down the horses, laying the cloth, milking the cows, and waiting at dinner. Whether the poor man ever ate or drank, is a fact not recorded in history. Elwes used to call him an idle dog, and that he wanted his wages for doing nothing!

A great deal of his father's property consisting of houses, and even whole streets, in London, Mr Elwes very often visited the metropolis. Though worth at his uncle's death about half a million sterling, he never entered a chaise in these journeys. Mounting a half-starved hunter, with two or three hard-boiled eggs in his pocket, he took the road, avoiding turnpikes wherever it was possible. Instead of baiting at inns, he dismounted under some hedge, and permitting his horse to refresh itself with the grass, he swallowed his eggs. A pool of water served man and beast with liquid to wash down their meal.

When in London, on these visits, he always took up his residence in one of his own houses, some of which were generally uninhabited. He never staid long in any one house, but with a couple of beds and chairs, and an old woman-servant, moved about from place to place. Thus it was often difficult to find him out, and this difficulty on a remarkable occasion nearly cost him his life. Colonel Timms, his nephew, being anxious to see Mr Elwes, learnt accidentally that he was in town. The colonel inquired immediately at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of. After a long search, no traces of him could be found, until a postboy recollected having seen a poor old man opening the door of a stable attached to an empty house in Great Marlborough Street. The description agreed with that of Mr Elwes, but, on knocking repeatedly at the door, no answer was given from within. Some of the neighbours, however, confirmed the boy's account, and Colonel Timms resolved to break open the door. In the lower parts of the house, all was shut and silent. On ascending the staircase, they heard the moans of a person, seemingly in distress. They went into the

chamber, and there, upon an old pallet bed, lay stretched out, apparently in death, the figure of old Mr Elwes. He was at first insensible, but recovered in a short time after the administration of a cordial. He informed them in answer to their inquiries, "that he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself, but that she had got well, he supposed, and had gone away." In the garrets they found the old companion of his journeys—dead.

Let us contrast this extremity of penury, which exposed him to the chance of a miserable death by famine, with an instance of generosity in Elwes, which bordered on extravagance. Instigated by the old spirit of speculation which had made him a gambler, he sometimes visited, with his eggs in his pocket, the Newmarket racing course. It is said that he seldom or never betted, but he helped others in their betting, if we may believe that such a circumstance as the following ever occurred twice. Lord Abingdon had made a match for £7,000, which, for want of money, he was on the point of losing by forfeiture. Mr Elwes knew his lordship slightly, and, unsolicited, he stepped forward and gave him the money. "On the day the match was run, Mr Elwes rode to Newmarket, mumbled a stale pancake on the heath, saw the sports, and returned home without any other refreshment. It was on this very day of self-denial and fatigue that he hazarded £7,000 for a friend."

Another honourable trait in his character was observed in his behaviour to two maiden ladies, who lived near him in the country. These ladies had incurred, for what reason is not now well known, the danger of excommunication by the spiritual court. Not understanding the meaning of this process very correctly, they were dreadfully alarmed, and applied in their distress to their friend Mr Elwes. The excommunication was to take place next day, and only by a visit to London could it be averted. Mr Elwes boiled his eggs, mounted his horse, and after a ride of sixty miles by night, presented the ladies next morning with a document which freed them from the impending evil.

After Mr Elwes had enjoyed for many years a rural life, Lord Craven, who admired his character as a county magistrate, procured his return to parliament for Berkshire. "Surely," the reader will exclaim, "he must now have lodged decently, dressed like other people, and fed like other people." Mr Elwes was the same man in parliament as out of it. He lodged as ill as ever; he denied himself all personal comforts, and would rather walk about London in the rain than venture into a coach in the severest weather. He would dry his drenched clothes by patiently hatching a warmth in them, for nothing could justify a fire. He would have eaten his food in the last state of putrefaction rather than have a fresh joint, and he wore for a time a beggar's cast-off scratch-wig, which he was seen to pick up from the rut of a lane. When he attended the Speaker's dinners, indeed, he dipped into the old clothes chest, after his uncle's model, and donned a piece of antique finery, which passed pretty well for a modern court suit. But on ordinary occasions, such was the poverty of his appearance, that people frequently pushed a penny into his hand in the street. And he was now, in the sixtieth year of his age, with nearly one million of money!

With respect to voting, Mr Elwes was perhaps the most truly independent member in the house. He gave his support only to those who convinced his reason. After a debate, he always walked home on foot, and on one occasion was severely hurt in both legs by the pole of a chair, in a dark night. He was at the time a temporary guest in Colonel Timms's house, and that gentleman, much against the old man's will, ordered the attendance of a surgeon. The medical man, on seeing the injured limbs, immediately began to expatiate on the danger of breaking the skin and the bad appearance of the wounds. "Very probably," said old Elwes; "but, Mr —, I have one thing to say to you—in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement with you: I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well the first." He used afterwards to mention, with great triumph, that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

"The race," says one of Elwes's biographers, "between the two sick legs is sufficiently amusing, but he was jockey enough to know how to jostle and cross his antagonist's limb, and we have no doubt he would not let the doctor's leg win."

After sitting in three parliaments, Mr Elwes retired, on the eve of a contested election. Though he had now seen seventy-five years, his passion for play had not entirely deserted him, for at this time he lost in one night three thousand pounds at cards. He never played the fool in this manner again. About this period, also, the famous serving-man, Thomas, whom we have already described, starved himself to death. "Out of respect to his master," that is to say, his master's example had converted him into a miser.

It is with pleasure that we recount one other generous act of this compound of penury, extravagance, and liberality, before he fell in the dotage of misership. Elwes, soon after his retirement from the House, gave

a large sum of money, of his own free will, to a Mr Spurling, that this gentleman might purchase a majority in the Guards. This act, says his biographer, he performed in the most gentlemanly manner. Returning on horseback with the same gentleman, in a dark night from Newmarket, Mr Elwes well nigh broke his companion's neck, by leading him through a bye-road, across ditches and over precipices, and all to avoid paying twopence at a toll!

He spent the greater part of 1786 at Stoke, where he gleaned the corn, like a pauper, in the fields of his tenants, picking up, besides, bones, chips, and sticks, and has been heard to abuse the crows for their prodigality in building their nests. He rode an old blood aack about the green lanes; not that it saved shoes, of course!—no—the turf was so pleasant to the horse's feet." The remainder of his existence presents a wretched picture. He had grown feverish and restless, and the final passion of every miser, the desire to secrete money in holes and corners, preyed upon him incessantly. He cried frequently in his sleep, "I will keep my money—nobody shall rob me of my property." A Mr Partis, who resided in the same house with him in Berkshire, was waked one night by a stealthy foot moving about his bed-chamber. On asking with some alarm, "Who was there?" a person came up to the bedside, and said with great civility, "Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and a half, and half a crown!" "Dear sir," said Mr Partis, "I hope you are mistaken; do not make yourself uneasy." "Oh! no, no," rejoined the old gentleman, "it's all true; and really, Mr Partis, with such a sum I should have seen the end of it." Thus spoke the possessor of a million sterling of money. The sum was found a few days afterwards behind the window-shutter.

The stories that are told of his eating at this time are too disgusting to be dwelt upon. His meat was in such a condition that it could scarcely be kept on the plate till he ate it. He dragged his ponds, and the cart loads of fish which he brought out were all devoured by him in succession; for he never threw the surplus back into the water, saying, that if he did so, "he should never see them again." To curb him in these habits would have been equal to taking his life.

This living save-all was now flickering out. A few weeks before his death he was observed to go to sleep with his clothes on, and a servant was set to watch and prevent this. The old man characteristically told the servant that, if he would permit the custom to be continued, a legacy should be left to him in the will. After eight days of utter insensibility, this eccentric being departed this life. All his entailed property, amounting in value to something less than half a million sterling, went to the family of Colonel Timms, son of Mr Elwes's sister, and all the personal property, amounting nearly to the same sum, was left to his two natural sons.

#### ELEPHANT HUNT.

The following narrative is extracted from a letter received, a few years ago, from a British officer, stationed at Khasung, in the East Indies:—"For some days before our arrival at A—, we had intelligence of an immense wild elephant being in a large grass swamp within five miles of us: he had inhabited the swamp for years, and was the terror of the surrounding villagers, many of whom he had killed: he had only one tusk; and there was not a village for many miles round that did not know the Burrah ek dart he had been, or the large-toothed elephant; and one of our party, Colonel S—, had, the year before, been charged, and his elephant put to the right about, by this famous fellow. We determined to go in pursuit of him; and, accordingly, the third day after our arrival, started in the morning, numbering, between private and government elephants, thirty-two; but seven of them only with sportsmen on their backs. As we knew, that, in the event of the wild one charging, he would probably turn against the male elephants, the drivers of two or three of the largest were armed with spears. On our way to the swamp, we shot a great quantity of different sorts of game that got up before the line of elephants, and had hardly entered the swamp, when, in consequence of one of the party firing at a partridge, we saw the great object of our expedition: the wild elephant got up out of some long grass, about two hundred and fifty yards before us, where he stood, staring at us, and flapping his huge ears. We immediately made a line of the elephants, with sportsmen in the centre, and went straight up to him, until within a hundred and thirty yards, when, fearing he was going to turn from us, all the party gave him a volley, some of us firing two, three, and four barrels; he turned round, and made for the middle of the swamp. The chase now commenced; and, after following him for upwards of a mile, with our elephants up to their bellies in mud, we succeeded in turning him to the edge of the swamp, where he allowed us to get within eighty yards of him, and gave him another volley in his full front, on which he made a grand charge at us, but fortunately only grazed one of the pad elephants. He then again made for the middle of the swamp, throwing up blood and water from his trunk, and making a terrible noise, which clearly showed that he had been severely wounded. We followed him, and were obliged to swim our elephants through a piece of deep stagnant water, occasionally giving shot, when, making a stop in some very high grass, he allowed us again to come within sixty yards, and got another volley, on which he made a second charge, more furious than the first, but was prevented making head by some shots fired when very close to us, which stunned, and fortunately turned him. He then made for the edge of the swamp again, swimming over a piece of water, through which we followed with considerable difficulty, in consequence of our pads and howdahs having become much heavier, from the soaking they had got twice before. We were up to the middle of the howdahs; and one of the elephants fairly turned over, and threw the rider and his guns into the water. He was taken off by one of the pad elephants, but his three guns went to the bottom. This accident took up some time, during which the wild elephant had made his way to the edge of the swamp, and stood perfectly still, looking at us, and trumpeting with his trunk. As soon as we got all to rights, we again advanced, with the elephants in the form of a crescent, in the full expectation of a desperate charge; nor were

we mistaken. The animal now allowed us to come within forty yards of him, when we took a very deliberate aim at his head, and, on receiving this fire, he made a most furious charge, in the net of which, and when within ten yards, he fell dead, from receiving his mortal wound, which, on examination, proved to be a small ball from a Joe Manton gun over the left eye, the only one, of thirty-one, that he had received in his head; it was found to have entered the brain. When down, he measured in height twelve feet four inches; in length, from the root of the tail to the top of the head, sixteen feet; and ten feet round the neck. He had upwards of eighty balls in his body. His tusk, when taken out, weighed thirty-six pounds, and when compared with the tusks of the tame ones, was considered small for the size of the animal. After he fell, a number of the villagers came about us, and were rejoiced at the death of their formidable enemy, and assured us that within the last four or five years he had killed nearly fifty men; indeed, the knowledge of the mischief he had occasioned, was the only thing that could reconcile us to the death of so noble an animal. We were just three hours from the time we first saw him until he fell; and, what added much to the gratification of the day, we had not a single accident to man or elephant, excepting Captain P's upset."

#### POETICAL MUSINGS.

(FROM FULCHER'S LADIES' MEMORANDUM BOOK AND POETICAL MISCELLANY FOR 1837.)

##### THOUGHTS ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Where have ye been, ye mighty rushing winds,  
Since last the murmur of your voice passed by?  
Was it where silence o'er the desert flings  
Its air of strange, and solemn mystery,  
And where, 'midst fallen palaces of kings,  
Decay hath set her seal of secrecy?—  
Or have ye driven o'er the ocean's bed,  
The midnight whirl of ruin, when the pray'r  
Fell brokenly, in that lone hour of dread,  
From the chill lips and bosom of despair,  
And the last lingering gleam of hope had fled  
From them, the doomed ones, whom your wrath found there?  
Beside the mother's pillow ye have pass'd,  
And as she slumbering woke, she silently,  
While listening to the moaning of the blast,  
Breathed a prayer of fond anxiety,  
For him, the loved one, whose wild lot was cast,  
Far from her care, on the wide-rolling sea.  
Heaven pity that heart's anguish when she hears,  
How, in hoarse triumph, o'er his course ye rushed,  
So her wrapt spirit, sweeping o'er dim years,  
Shall hope to rise to happiness, now crushed,  
In His dread presence, who hath dried her tears,  
And at whose word the waves, and the strong winds are hushed.

##### "AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

[By Mrs Sigourney.]

When adverse winds and waves arise,  
And in my heart despondence sighs—  
When life her throng of care reveals,  
And weakness o'er my spirit steals—  
Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
That "as my day, my strength shall be."  
When, with sad footsteps, memory roves  
'Mid smitten joys, and buried loves—  
When sleep my painful pillow flies—  
And drowsy morning dinks me sighs—  
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,  
That "as my day, my strength shall be."  
One trial more must yet be past,  
One pang—the keenest, and the last;  
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,  
My feeble, quivering handsstrings fall,  
Redeemer, grant my soul to see  
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

#### BREAD FROM SAWDUST.

When an unscientific person sees in some newspaper a paragraph headed as above, he is apt, without perhaps reading the paragraph, to set down the subject of it as simply one of the delusions which clever men sometimes labour under, and newspapers chronicle. To a chemist, however, the possibility of making timber into bread appears in a very different light. The uneducated, knowing only the external difference between a section of a plank and a slice of a quatern loaf, at once jump to the conclusion that the one can never have a common use with the other; but the instructed know, that, however different externally, they are composed of similar simple substances in very nearly similar proportions, and may therefore be convertible. All vegetable substances are based on the element, carbon—the matter which remains of a piece of wood, after it has been burnt. In a hundred parts of sugar-candy, wheat starch, arrow-root, gum-arabic, and wood, carbon is respectively in the proportion of 42.85 (or nearly 43), 43.55, 44.4, 42.25, and 42.7. Between starch and sawdust, therefore, there is only the difference of about one and a half parts in a hundred—a mere trifle. When we reflect on what chemistry has already done, we cannot doubt that little pains would be required to discover a process for completely equalising the ingredients, and consequently reducing the dust of wood to the character of flour. Professor Autenrith has already, by maceration, boiling, and subsequent pounding, reduced wood to a powder, from which a palatable bread has been formed; but we may hope that a perfect conversion of the one principle into the other will yet be effected. Such transformations are already familiar to scientific men, and are just among the most useful of the gifts of science, or, we should rather say, contributions to the general well-being. Take the manufacture of paper from useless rags, or of sugar from the same commodity, or of porcelain and glass from stones and clays, and who can say where is the limit to our power of turning to use and productive agency the most apparently worthless and sterile parts of nature? "Who," says Sir J. Herschell, "would have conceived that linen rags were capable of producing more than their own weight of sugar by the simple agency of one of the cheapest and most abundant acids?—that dry bones could be a magazine of nutriment, capable of preservation for years, and ready to yield up their substance in the form best adapted for the support of life—that sawdust itself is susceptible of conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread; and though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet so way disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestible, as well as highly nutritive?"

#### LIVERIES.

The custom of giving liveries, so general throughout Europe, is derived from the practice in the feudal times among the kings and princes of dressing (their) garments to their nobles on high festivals. Thus, St Louis engaged several of his nobility to attend him in the crusade, by giving them their liveries in the dark. They discovered not before the next morning that crosses were sewed on the shoulder of each; the bare acceptance of this present was often an engagement to serve the donor a year. This accounts for the custom of a servant continuing with his master a year to entitle him to livery.

#### ENTHUSIASM.

Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, demonstrated her attachment to Congress, the poet, in a manner indicative of absolute insanity. "Common fame reports," says Dr Kippie, in the *Biographical Britannica*, "that she had his figure made in wax after his death, talked to it as if it had been alive, placed it at table with her, took great care to help it with different sorts of food, had an imaginary squire in its regularly dressed, and, to complete all, consulted physicians with regard to its health."

#### INTERESTING TO BLACKSMITHS.

Permit me to describe a machine which I have just seen, and which, for utility and simplicity, is truly admirable. The article I allude to is a substitute for a smith's bellows, and is far more powerful than the kind in common use. It is constructed in the box of fanners, and stands immediately behind the forge. The way of the implement is only eighteen inches diameter, and the fans which fill the box are only five inches broad, and are fastened upon a horizontal shaft of 1-inch iron. On the end of the shaft is a pulley two inches diameter, and right above which is a larger pulley twenty inches diameter, with a crank in the centre, which the man at the fire drives with one hand, while he guides the iron in the fire with the other. Around the large pulley and down to the small one is a leather belt, by which this machine is driven, and with such ease that a child may drive it. The blast is so constant and so efficient, that the contrivance prefers it for heavy work to the best bellows, which cost him £6, while he has the blast-bellows for about 30s.; and he adds, that, for a few more shillings, he could have it driven by wind. Although bellows on the same plan have been used and driven by steam and by water at our large iron-works, yet the merit of constructing one to work with the hand, belongs to Mr William Bowie, blacksmith, Lower Bridge Street, Stirling. What adds much to the value of this contrivance is, its being easily purchased, that it requires little room, and is in many respects superior to the kind in common use. I hope, therefore, the sons of Vulcan will duly appreciate the contrivance.—*Correspondent of the Stirling Journal.*

#### NAMING STREETS.

It is a singular thing that London should not possess a single street which derives its name from any individual famous in the story of our literature or arts: yet their names are surely at least as dignified and euphonious as those of the Johns, Adams, and Peters, whose "discriminative appellations" embellish the corners of so many of our streets and squares. The names of our poets, philosophers, and writers, would surely furnish many pleasant associations as the names of our peers, as *Argyll, Somerset*, or the name of a trade, as *Baker, Brewer*; or of a town, as *Bedford, Marlborough*; or of a plant, as *Camomile, Hay*; or of a bird, as *Finch, Falcon, Swallow*; or of a title, as *King, Queen, Regent, Duke, Earl*; or of a point of the compass, as *East, West, North, South*; or of a day of the week, as *Friday*; or of a metal, as *Silver, Golden*; or of a quadruped, as *Lamb*; or indicative of age, as *Old, New*; or the name of a saint, as *George, Martin, Mary, Nicholas*; or of a thing, as *Castle*; or of nothing, as *Soho, Tooley*. What venerable associations would be connected with streets bearing the names of Wickliffe, Bacon, Harvey, Selous, Locke, Newton, Penn! what delightful and proud ones with the names of Chaucer, Queen Elizabeth, Spenser, Shakespeare, Butler, Milton, Dryden. What historic recollections would be called up by Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Burke Streets! Then, if we want names poetical in sound, Alfred, Sidney, Beaumont, Herbert, Waller, Evelyn, Shaftesbury, Bellingrove, Congreve, Berkeley, "do become the mouth as well" as Wellington and Waterloo. We hope that our hints—which have at least the merit of being new—will be attended to by some of the godfathers of the new streets, and that we may soon see, blazing in all the pomp of architectural beauty, a Shakespeare Street, into which those of Chaucer and Spenser lead on the one side, while on the other diverges into Dryden and Pope Streets, or conducts to Newton Square. This is one thing, at all events, in which we may safely imitate the French revolutionists.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### SINKING BOTTLES IN THE OCEAN.

During my former voyage to South Africa, we sank wine bottles fifty fathoms into the sea after they had been secured from the admission of water in the best manner we could devise, by corking the corks with resin, which led some to imagine that part of the fluid had entered by the pores of the glass; and some persons even supposed the water might thereby be divested of its saline particles. To settle those points, a friend had presented me with two crystal globular bottles, hermetically sealed, and made on purpose. In latitude 14 degrees north, 27 minutes to the westward of the Cape de Verd Islands, these and some other bottles were sunk, by permission of Captain Gregory of the *Westonian* land, bound for Bombay, two hundred perpendicular fathoms by means of two leads, the one weighing twenty-two and the other twenty-eight pounds. To pull up this great length of rope at weight of lead, required the exertion of ten men for a quarter of an hour. On the two globular bottles being brought on deck, the were found empty; but a wine bottle sent down at the same time, corked and plastered over with resin, came up full of water with the cork inverted. This we could not mistake, as the bottle was covered with red wax, previous to the application of the resin, and upon its reaching the deck it was indeed still corked, but the waxed end was undermined in the neck of the bottle. Another wine bottle had the pitch remaining entire on its mouth, but the inside was nearly full of water, in which also the cork was swimming. Two other bottles were full of water, but the corks and resin of these were in the same state as when let down. The water in the inside was not fresher than before its entrance.—*Campbell's Second Journey in South Africa.*

#### HUMANITY OF MR DAY.

While Mr Day, the eccentric author of *Sanford and Merton* was visiting his friend Sir William Jones, at his chambers, the latter, in removing some books, perceived a spider fall from them on which he cried hastily—"Kill that spider, Day; kill the spider!" "No," said Mr Day, with that coolness for which he was conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster-hall, a superior being who, perhaps, may have as much power over you, as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer who kill that lawyer?' how should you like that, Jones?—and I assure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

#### SHERRY.

Sherry wine has worms attached to the casks (in and outside) and not Madeira or Sicily wine; because the sherry wines are indiscriminately brought from the country of their growth, sheep, goat, dogs, and other skins, that are, from the heat of weather, very often in a putrid state; whereas the wines of Madeira and Sicily are brought from the country in small casks.

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